

This issue is RESTRICTED

*Bobby Hartman*

# SUB



# SNIPER

DECEMBER 1942

CAP COASTAL PATROL NO. 4 ~ CAPT. I.W. BURNHAM II, Commanding  
LEN J. MESSINA, Editor ~ ALFRED C. NOWITSKY, Art Editor ~ PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED AND PAID FOR WITH GRATITUDE ONLY...

## PEACE ON EARTH... GOOD WILL TO MEN

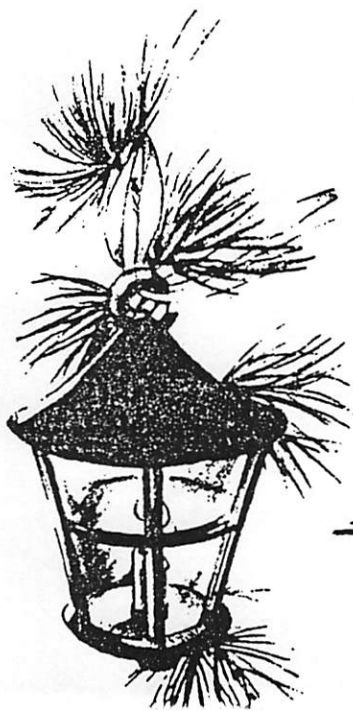
We, the undersigned members of CAP Coastal Patrol Base #4, whose duty it is to guard the shores of our beloved country and to protect it from enemies who are bent upon death and destruction, on this Christmas Eve, 1942 A. D., solemnly declare:

THAT WE ARE FIGHTING TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITIES AND WILL  
FIGHT EVEN UNTO DEATH THAT THOSE WHO LIVE IN THIS COUNTRY MAY  
BE EQUAL AND THAT ONE WILL LOVE THE OTHER EVEN AS HE WHO WAS  
BORN IN A MANGER 1942 YEARS AGO WOULD HAVE IT, AND FURTHER-  
MORE THAT WE WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE WHEN PEACE COMES THAT  
THE THINGS WE ARE FIGHTING FOR BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ALL MEN,  
EVERYWHERE, FOR THAT IS HOW HE WOULD HAVE LIKED IT.

In confirmation of this, I, I. W. Burnham, II, Major, Commanding  
CAP Coastal Patrol #4, herewith sign this statement for myself and  
for the 71 other men and women at this base.

*I. W. Burnham, II Major CAP*

*The Sub Sniper Wishes YOU*  
**AMERRY CHRISTMAS**  
**A HAPPY NEW YEAR**



Because of lack of space, a short story entitled "O. N. (Of-  
ficer of the Night)" written by Ye Editor on a night when he  
was O. N., is printed as a supplement to this issue of S-N.

# The CAST OF CHARACTERS at PARKSLEY, CAPCP #4

All the pictures in this issue are informal. They were taken for a government questionnaire. None was posed. They're not flattering, but they are natural and they bring us to you and to ourselves as we are, without frills or poses.

If you could spend a week or more at our base, the one thing that would impress you more than anything else would be the fact that there is a genuine spirit of friendliness amongst the personnel. It is extremely unusual that so large a group of persons can get along so well. Usually there are "cliques" or "groups" and likes and dislikes that benefit none and hurt all. This friendliness alone may account for a goodly portion of the many accomplishments which have made our base one of the finest in CAP Coastal Patrol. Dissensions and bickerings, petty jealousies and gripes are unknown. Elsewhere in this issue we kid Pardee about

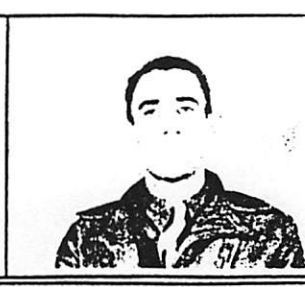
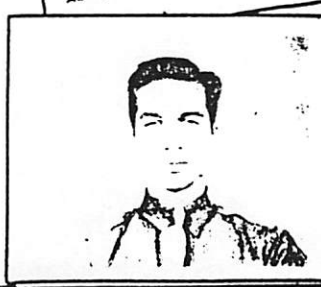
his griping. He is as loyal and as hard working as any. He offers many constructive criticisms which we teasingly construe as griping. We have a fine lot of men and women, yet, a lot of the credit for this feeling must go to commander Burnham who, as our leader, sets a fine example with his own friendliness and kindness. In this spirit, most of the members of this base have expressed the desire to have pictures of one another and this issue is therefore devoted mostly to that purpose. Appropriately, it is also the Christmas number. Peace on Earth - Good Will to Men - Some day, perhaps. Then it will be a fine world.

## These, GOD BLESS THEM, are the Ladies



At the upper left is Irene P. Hillman. She knows what everybody knows and then she knows everything that nobody knows. Next below is Audrey M. Rew, the Boss' secretary. Keeler forbids us to say a thing about her. But see for yourself. Lower left is Cecil Holt, a belle from Lynchburg, Va. Next to her is Imogen Blades of Radio and the lovely disposition and next to her is Nancy Taylor who is like that with Dan Breene. Upper right is Dorothy Reed. She's Bill Reed's BETTER half. Next below is Dannie Mac Hilliard who calls "Tex" Hilliard hubby. Lower right is Grace P. Parkes who cannot be flustered.





# These men KEEP US FLYING OUR Engineering AND Radio DEPARTMENTS..... Safely

Six thousand hours over water with single-motored planes and a well-nigh perfect record. Thanks, Engineering. You've done a swell job and right now you're doing a better job than ever. If you hadn't, some of us wouldn't be here now to be pictured in this issue. Yours is a tough job. If you furnish ships which fly safely, you've done your job well. If you don't, yours is the blame. You must be careful, always, with never a let-up. You must never take chances or skimp on either thought or work. But yours too is a job which should give you a great feeling of satisfaction. Haven't you often said to yourself "That ship did a good job for my country and it has come back safely because I worked hard and conscientiously". And what more can a man ask for his labors than his daily bread and the feeling of accomplishment? This is a sincere and heartfelt tribute to all of you from the commander and from every man who sets foot in our planes and flies in them for the protection of our country. This tribute is for all of you: For you William A. Reed in charge of Engineering; for you Paul R. Loux, Jr. second in command; for you George W. Finn; for you Walter H. Compton; for you Wilson M. Hibbs; for you Richard H. Bormann; for you Charles H. Steel, Jr. and for you Lawrence L. Monti. (The men are shown from top left, down and to the right.)  
KEEP 'EM FLYING BOYS - SAFELY- IT'S UP TO YOU!

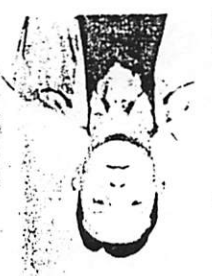














Since the above was written, "Tex" Hilliard was appointed Supervising Engineering Officer to coordinate the activities of Operations and Engineering, for even greater efficiency.



No, Egen E. Stickles and William P. Barnes (from left to right below), we haven't forgotten you. Just as you have a spot all your own at our base, you're getting a spot all your own on this page. Yours too is an important job. Without radios we would defeat the purposes of our missions and without you we would have effective radios. GREAT WORK BOYS











# 30 REASONS WHY HIT The Flying Personnel of Civil Air Patrol Coasta

<p>RAYMOND E. COOPER</p> <p>A likable, easy-going drawing southerner from Kansas. Rough and ready but who is a beautiful pen man.</p> 	<p>I. W. BURNHAM II</p> <p>The skipper who is now a Major. Our success story and still only 34. He has a lovely wife and two just as lovely children.</p> 	<p>DANIEL A. BRENE</p> <p>Just a great big overgrown kid who is a swell flier and who is just as good at getting into hot water (and out).</p> 	<p>WARREN W. BOURDIER</p> <p>A Frenchman from Texas with a Louisiana accent who is a grand American. The only Vichy in him is the kind that fizzes.</p> 	<p>WILLIAM G. BELL</p> <p>Our baby. Once he won a gin game. Only 23, single, handsome and intelligent. Ambition: to fly the "real McCoy".</p> 	<p>RALPH G. HOLT</p> <p>Efficient, correct, soft spoken and hard working. Loves animals. That's why the place is full of them.</p> 	<p>BURTON B. HOWELL</p> <p>He's ready to fight at the drop of a hat. A little efficient jack of all trades.</p> 	<p>DAVID H. JONES</p> <p>Chief Pilot. Just one swell fellow and a grand pilot. We'll surely miss him very much if he goes in the ferry command.</p> 	<p>MURRAY W. KEEBLER</p> <p>A yankee. Second in Intelligence. A keen, intelligent and subtle (at times) wit. And a first-rate flier.</p> 	<p>THOMAS P. LAWRENCE</p> <p>He's a red-head. A big, lumbering, pleasant fellow who's trying hard and making good.</p> 	<p>JAMES V. SMITH</p> <p>From Penna. He's the little fellow who always smokes the big cigars. 44, he's the old man of the base.</p> 	<p>ROBERT SILVERMAN</p> <p>He flies 6 hours, works six hours as supply officer and gets everything wholesale.</p> 	<p>CLARENCE L. SAVAGE</p> <p>Chincoctague Va. is famous for its oysters but we will always remember it because of Savage. He wears a duck too.</p> 	<p>J. T. RUTHERFORD, Jr.</p> <p>Intelligence Officer. Can split a hair like Caesar split Gaul and it's a darn good thing that he can.</p> 	<p>CALVIN PARDEE III</p> <p>He's always griping about something — he just gripes and gripes and it never means a thing.</p> 	<p>AND THERE ARE 140,000,000</p>
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# FTER WILL BE CRUSHED

at Patrol Base #4, Parkaby, Va. as of December 10, 1942

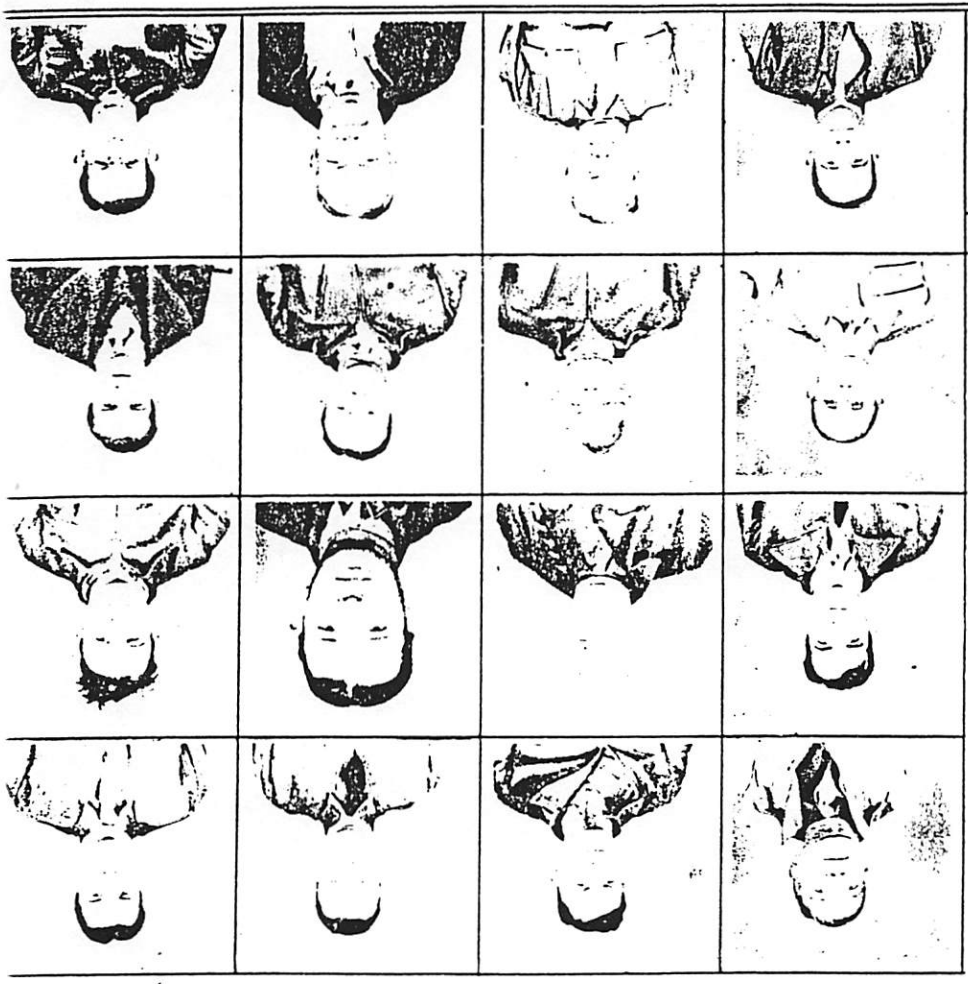
<p>He flies and flies and flies and spends the rest of his time wooing a lovely local lass. Oh yes, she is nice.</p> <p>HENRY H. CROMARTIE</p> 	<p>The youngest of the old men. Just 40. A plaid good. He wears a duck on a citation for bravery too.</p> <p>JAMES L. FLETCHER</p> 	<p>Small but efficient. Speaks with a heavy voice and just as heavy an accent.</p> <p>EDWARD R. FULLER II</p> 	<p>Flying officer — supervising engineering. Straight from Texas. The only person better liked is his wife, affectionately known as Butch.</p> <p>AUBREY B. HILLIARD</p> 	<p>He's been flying Stinsons that he had to get into with a shoe-horn. His Waco is back and is he happy?</p> <p>RALPH S. MACKENZIE</p> 	<p>From Rhode Island. Second in Operations and our Drill Master. Sounds tough but is really one swell guy.</p> <p>BILLINGS L. MANN</p> 	<p>Ye Editor. He thought he was getting old till he learned to fly six months ago. Yep, life begins at 40.</p> <p>LEONARD J. MESSINA</p> 	<p>6' 3 1/2" of geniality. Administration officer, observer, former stock broker and now a genuine hard worker.</p> <p>ROBERT H. MINTON</p> 	<p>Operations Head. Getting paunchy. If he gets fat he will be a good example of why everybody loves a fat man.</p> <p>ALFRED C. NOWITSKY</p> 	<p>If he had 10 pairs of pants he'd get kidded out of all of them. Yet there's nobody who doesn't love him.</p> <p>F. STANGER, JR.</p> 	<p>Personnel officer and gin-rummy player extraordinary. He just can't lose and in come tax on winnings is worrying him.</p> <p>JAMES S. STAWLS</p> 	<p>A hard working, studious, saving youngster who is going to make good. He fritters none of his time away.</p> <p>F. E. WEATHERMAN, JR.</p> 	<p>Our Medico. He keeps us well and happy under tough conditions. He gives us "shots" and can make us like him too.</p> <p>ADAM D. F. WHITE</p> 	<p>A big fellow that's as quiet as a church mouse. He tends to his knitting and bothers no man.</p> <p>R. L. YUENGLING</p> 	<p>He has 10 pairs of pants he'd get kidded out of all of them. Yet there's nobody who doesn't love him.</p> <p>F. STANGER, JR.</p> 	<p>Personnel officer and gin-rummy player extraordinary. He just can't lose and in come tax on winnings is worrying him.</p> <p>JAMES S. STAWLS</p> 	<p>A hard working, studious, saving youngster who is going to make good. He fritters none of his time away.</p> <p>F. E. WEATHERMAN, JR.</p> 	<p>Our Medico. He keeps us well and happy under tough conditions. He gives us "shots" and can make us like him too.</p> <p>ADAM D. F. WHITE</p> 	<p>A big fellow that's as quiet as a church mouse. He tends to his knitting and bothers no man.</p> <p>R. L. YUENGLING</p> 
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OTHER EXCELLENT REASONS

# OUR SERVICE MEN AND GUARDS

To these men - the eight Service Men at the left and the sixteen Guards below - the Base owes much. They are the men who perform the man sundry duties essential to the proper operation of a big enterprise such as CAPCP #4. Especial mention must be made of James Core, Jr. (upper left) who, with the aid of a few of others has built a hangar that could easily be valued at \$10,000 at a cost of about only \$2,000. Your willingness, your hard work, all your efforts are greatly appreciated and it is this spirit that will inevitably win the war. Reading from top to bottom under Jim Core are William R. Messick and Robert F. Lewis who are now apprentice mechanics and who are doing a swell job. Just as deserving of praise are Nat S. Johnson, John L. Sherwood, Jr., Elmer T. Satchell, Robert P. Northam and Brantley J. Wessells.

Our efficient guards are shown below. Reading from left to right top row are: Stephen T. Parks, Burling Taylor and Millard F. Bloom (the three in charge) and Franklin N. Ewell; second row: Edward F. Holland, William S. Holland, Tully F. Justis, and Alva B. Killmon; third row: John W. Marshall, Dorsey F. Matthews, John H. Parks and John A. Susany; bottom row: Sidney L. Sherwood, Henry A. Shreves, Henry L. Wessells and James E. Wright.



# The Story of a PAIL and a MAY DAY

Bob Minton, our 6' 3½" colossus, who, on occasions goes out as observer, jumped into #3 with Mann, not neglecting to take a regulation two-gallon metal pail. Had he gone in the sister ship (Cessna) owned and operated by Ruby Keeler, it would have been necessary to leave Minton behind if the pail were taken and both Keeler and the pail if Minton were taken. The real reason necessitating the taking of the pail is a deep, dark secret shared only by Minton himself and everybody at the base including Dumbo. It is a matter of record that when Bob put on his Mae West and was ready to leave Intelligence, "Geez, I never saw such luck, etc." Gordon Bell, who measures up to Bob Minton as Jack did to the beanstalk, gripped (if you want to call it that) Bob's right hand and gave vent to the very subtle remark "I hope you enjoy it, it may be your last". Ye editor was in Keeler's ship as observer, probably because no one bigger could be sardined in, and is therefore qualified to know all the facts appertaining to this interesting, amusing and very exciting episode. The Cessna was lead ship and #3 followed until our radio's primadonnishness made it advisable for #3 to lead. The wind was 35 mph

from N.E. and we encountered much hail, rain and gustiness. The visibility wasn't bad. The white-crested waves made us glad we were flying and not in one of those little C. G. Boats that got kicked around like bobbing corks. And then, about 20 miles from shore we saw #3 dive; a good, long, steep dive. I remember saying "What the heck's down there" and craning my neck. #3 pulled out of the dive at about 300 or 400 feet, waggled its wings and headed for home. As our receiver was "out" we didn't know that an air-lock had caused the engine on #3 to quit, that Mann had dived the plane, done everything a good pilot could do, sent a May Day and everything came out O. K. Mann says that the grandest moment of his life was when the engine caught again. As to Bob Minton, when Keeler and I landed a few minutes later and I asked about the pail, the mechanics showed it to me standing near the hangar. I went over to inspect it. It looked like it had just been washed out.....A little later I saw Bob Minton, slightly pale, dickering with some of the boys. He got pretty good prices for his computer, protractor, grid-board and other items essential to flying on CAPatrols.

## OUR ROSTER OF VISITORS

COLONEL SPLEEN, commander, infantry detachment, Westover, Md.

MAJOR MERRILL, Fort Dix, S2, Bomber Command. Major, we regret the accident to your ankle and hope it has healed well.

CAPTAIN JEFF NEWBOLD, CAP Liason Officer. Your cheery, sunny smile brightened the days you had to spend with us on account of bad weather. Please learn to play Gin.

MAJOR FARR, C.O., CAP Atlantic City, and CAPTAIN MAHONEY, liason Officer, Anti-submarine Command.

We hope you will all come again. The welcome mat will always be out for you

P. S. Also Lts. Burnett and DePadua who took our #12. Best of luck with it.

## THERE'LL BE A GREAT BIG PARTY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Some of us will be lucky and be able to go home for Christmas, but the rest of us will be lucky too, for we're going to have a bang-up Christmas Eve Party. It can't be anything else for it's going to be thrown by the Skipper, Bob Minton and Ruby Keeler. All you have to bring is a healthy body, an unquenchable thirst and the desire to have a good time. Go ahead fellers; enjoy yourselves. The Sub-Sniper has no snooping department.

Paul Loux was able to start a Stinson for dawn patrol after everyone else had tried and failed. Congratulations Mrs. Loux.

Jim Core can build crooked chimneys that draw. The question is, will it stand up?



## The REAL Truth about PARDEE'S OPERATION

Imagine ye editor's surprise upon receiving the following letter:

Parksley, Va., December 10, 1942.

Dear Len:

This letter is addressed to you as a friend first and as Editor of the Sub-Sniper too. I understand that in the next issue of the Sub-Sniper you are going to state flatly that I gripe and gripe and gripe. Long ago I came to the conclusion, though I must admit it was a rough road, that I was addicted to a chronic and not too mild case of gripitis. I have taken care of that. Believe me Len, I no longer gripe and, what is more, I will never gripe again...never, never, never! So, dear Len, please do not say anything about my griping. PLEASE. How I got over griping is my personal secret and as a gentleman, I'm sure you won't even think of asking.

As ever, sincerely your friend,  
CAL PARDEE

What did Cal mean by "secret"? My curiosity was unbounded. What could have stopped him from griping? I wanted to know and nothing was going to stop me. For ten days I slept little, rushed hither and yon, asked countless questions, spent hundreds of dollars and then I found the answer. I found it in a hospital, the one where Cal had that operation we mentioned last month. We thought we had the facts at that time but we were wrong. That operation WAS NOT ON HIS ARCHES. They wouldn't tell me about the operation at the hospital - professional secrecy they called it - but when I confronted Pardee with what I knew and demanded that he tell me all about that wonderful operation, OR ELSE, he broke down like a child. "I won't tell you Len, I never will," he wailed "but I'll never gripe again, honest I won't. In fact, I can't because that operation really fixed me".

After all, I am a gentleman and I couldn't ask any more questions. However, I wonder what that operation was....I wonder,...I wonder....

We almost forgot  
to send you our  
NEW YEAR

## MAN OF THE MONTH J. W. Burnham II

Our Captain is now a Major. The gold leaf looks swell on the red epaulets and he is one mighty proud commander. Sheer merit won the honor. Congratulations Major and may continued success be yours. That's the wish of every member of your task force. Now, more than ever we are proud of you. You took a "flying field" that could hardly allow a Cub to land safely, a drooping, two plane hangar, a few stout-hearted men like yourself and lo and behold, Coastal Patrol Base #4 is, today, a big, efficient, safe and smooth-performing unit, complete with administration building, large hangar, longer and wider runways, a quiet room for relaxation, with lockers, showers, facilities for play, a canteen and many other things. MAJOR, WE SALUTE YOU.

## "Fletch gets Bravery Award

Every single one of the 40 or more persons jammed into the Quiet Room on cold, rainy December 10th, felt just as proud of James L. Fletcher as he should have been proud of himself when Major Burnham pinned on his tunic the little triangular red ribbon that denotes an act of bravery. Back in June 13th, 1942 "Fletch", Clarence Savage and "Jake" Schlager were forced down at sea. As it was a hot, summery day, Savage had removed his life preserver. "Fletch" went back into the sinking plane and fetched it for him. Yes, "Fletch", you honored yourself and our base with your act of bravery. Now we are truly proud of you and we are glad to do you honor. All Civil Air Patrol is proud of you too.

GORDON BELL: "Geez. I never saw such luck in all my life. Geez. What luck. Geez."

GREETINGS